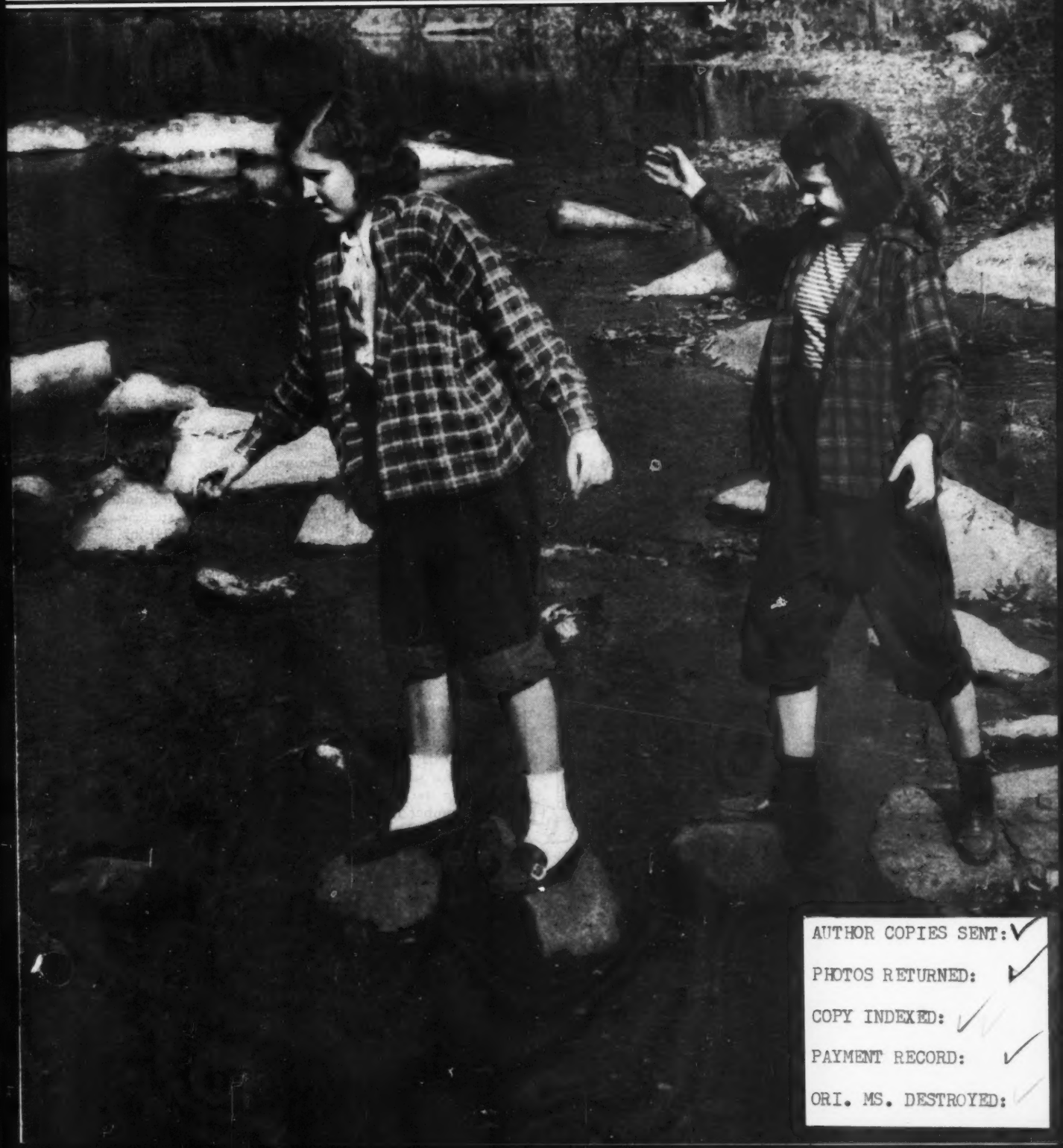
Junior GUIDE

VOL. 1 NO. 5
NOVEMBER 4, 1953



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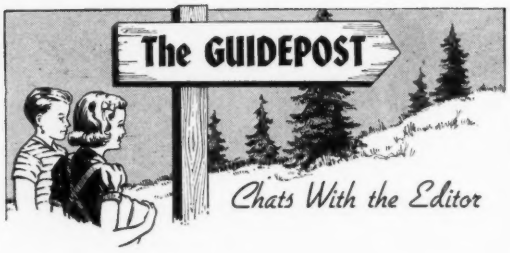


MEET BILL

Did you ever meet Bill?

Mother says, "It's bedtime, Bill. Put your things away and go upstairs."

"Just a minute, Mother," says Bill. "This spaceship program isn't over yet."

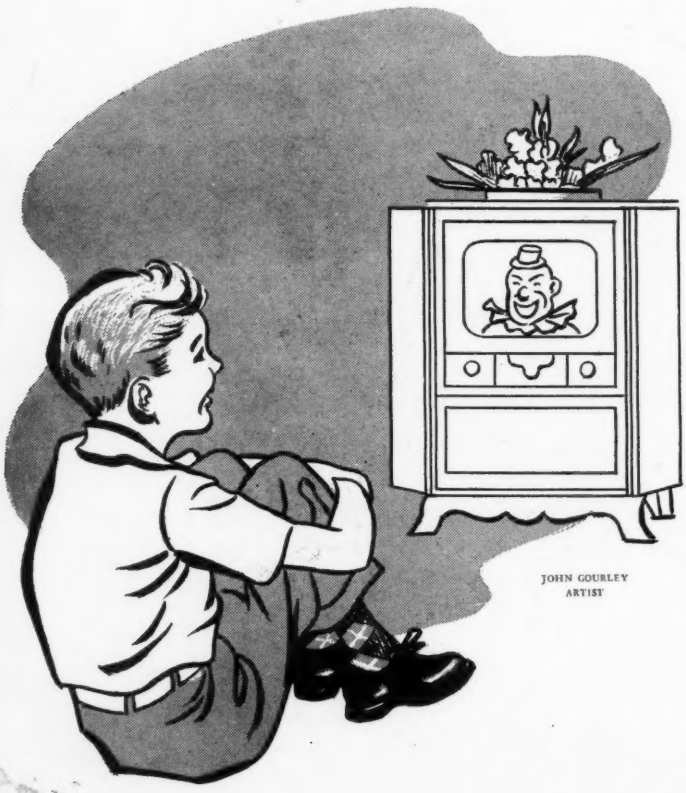
"Bill, please go now. You'll be tired tomorrow."

Bill says nothing, but doesn't move. Mother is busy, and doesn't notice. Half an hour later she comes into the room.

"Bill, what are you doing here? I thought I told you to go to bed."

"Aw, but Mother," he whines, "I go to bed on time every night. Why can't I stay up once in a while?"

"Because I know how tired and cross you will be in the morning. Up you go."



JOHN GOURLEY
ARTIST

"Fiddlesticks," mutters Bill. "Same old bedtime every night."

Next morning Bill feels fine. Mother was wrong, he thinks. It was all right to break the rule.

That night mother goes out. Before leaving she says, "Bill, remember the rule about bedtime. I don't want you watching too many of those TV programs."

"O.K., Mom."

Bedtime comes, but Bill wants to look at one more program. Mother is not around, so he breaks the rule. Then there is another program he simply must see, so he breaks the rule again. Suddenly he looks at the clock. It's almost time for mother to return. He dashes upstairs, throwing off his clothes, jumping into bed as the car comes into the driveway.

Next morning. "Bill, time to get up."

"Aw, Mother, it's too early. I'm too sleepy to get up. Can't a fellow get a little sleep?"

He finally goes to school, dreamy and dozy. His mind is full of cowboys and space cadets, horses and rocket ships. His head nods as he sits in class. What is the teacher saying? "Take out your paper. We are going to have that test I promised you."

"Test? What test?" Bill can't remember any test. "Oh, yes, that's right. Teacher *did* say there would be a test today. Why didn't I study for it last night and go to bed at the proper time?"

"First question. How did Abraham Lincoln begin the Gettysburg Address?"

Bill scratches his sleepy head. "What was it Lincoln said? 'Stick 'em up, Roger, I've got yer covered!' No, that was on TV last night. What *was* it? 'Reach for the sky, bud, or I'll fill yer——' "

"Second question. Quote the famous phrase for which Patrick Henry is so well known."

"Patrick Henry . . . Patrick Henry. Let's see, what *did* Patrick Henry say?" Bill chews the end of his pencil, worried half sick. The other students are writing so quickly! "What *was* it? 'Hi oh, Goldie, Awa-a-ay!' No. That's another of those silly old programs."

"Third question."

"Why does she have to go so fast? Doesn't give a fellow half a chance!"

Nine questions Bill cannot answer. "This is the last question," says the teacher.

"Who was the first President of the United States?"

"Goody," says Bill, relieved. "At least I'll get *one* right." He puts down "Abraham Lincoln," and hands the paper in.

Next day, when he gets the paper back and finds he has a score of zero, he blames the teacher for making the test so hard. He still can't understand why mother insists he has to obey the rule and go to bed on time from now on, with no exceptions.

But everybody else can.

Your friend,

Lawrence Maxwell

EWING GALLOWAY

"I can't wear that old dress to church," cried Terry angrily. "I don't even wear it to school any more." But mother was firm.

When Terry had nothing more to wear, she resolved to be

NEVER UNTIDY AGAIN!

By NANCY MORGAN SMITH

PAID

MOTHER frowned. What should she do with Terry, just turned thirteen? As she opened the door of Terry's room this morning, the first thing that caught her eye was the pair of dainty blue slippers she had given Terry for her birthday.

But the slippers were dainty and blue no longer. She had opened the package excitedly and exclaimed, "O Mother, how pretty! They just match my new robe. Thank you so much." That was a week ago.

Mother picked up one of the slippers and turned it over. The foam rubber sole had been ruthlessly chewed—not by Terry, of course. But if Terry had not left them out on the porch, Bonnie, the pup, would not have ruined them.

"Terry," mother had said when Terry first tried them on. "Please don't wear these slippers outside. Keep them nice, and they will last you a long time."

"All right, Mother, I'll take good care of them," promised Terry. She thought regretfully of another pair of slippers that she had worn outside to play. After she had done this a few times they were so dirty and worn she could not wear them any more. Terry really had meant to keep her promise, but now she had had this pair only a few days, and look at them!

It was the same thing over and over again. Terry never took proper care of her clothes.

Mother sighed. "Terry is a very careless little girl. I must do something to make her realize the value of her belongings."

After much thought she decided on a plan. She took the slippers and put them away on the top shelf of her own closet.

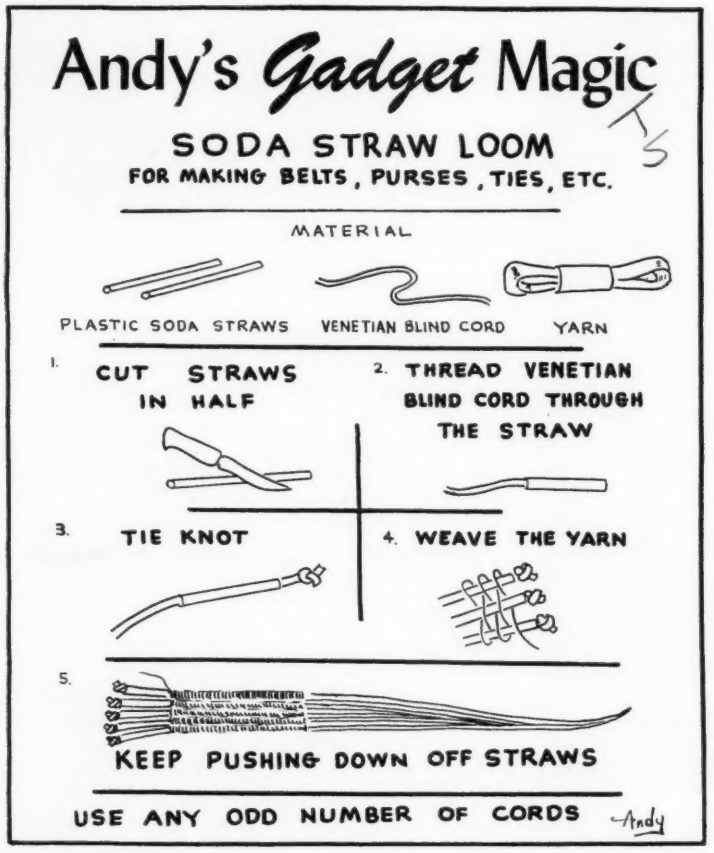
That night as Terry was preparing for bed she called, "Mother, have you seen my new slippers? They were in my room this morning."

"Yes, Terry, I saw them this morning," said mother entering Terry's room. "I couldn't believe my eyes. You wore them outside, didn't you, dear?"

Terry looked down at the floor and wiggled her bare toes. She said nothing. Mother continued. "Terry, I must do something to help you get over these careless habits you've fallen into." Mother proceeded to point out certain things to Terry and ended by saying, "From now on, when I find your clothes lying around, and not being taken care of, I'm going to collect them, and you shall not have them back until you prove to me that you can take good care of them. The slippers are the first item on my list."

Terry sighed. Mother was getting so particular lately! Still, she had to admit, she did leave her things lying around sometimes.

True to her word, mother inspected Terry's room each morning, and her collection grew alarmingly. She wondered where she would put things when her closet shelf was full. Sunday morning mother looked into Terry's room. There lay the pretty green and gold print dress that Terry had worn to church the day before, just where she had taken it off. Her shoes were thrown across the room, and her lovely new coat was in a heap on her bed. Terry had gone to the program at the



school Saturday night. Coming home late, she was too sleepy to take care of her clothes.

"That's no excuse," mother said to herself. "She must learn." She picked up the clothes and took them to her room.

By the end of the week Terry's closet was looking quite bare. She hadn't given mother's talk much thought. But when mother reminded her on Friday to decide what she would wear the next day, she was surprised on opening her closet door to see the closet almost empty.

"Mother, where are all my clothes? There isn't anything here fit for church. Didn't you wash this week?" Terry was impatient.

"Yes, I washed this week," mother replied. "You evidently didn't believe me when I told you I was going to 'collect carelessness.' I've made quite a collection."

"But what shall I wear tomorrow? You'll have to give me my best things, at least," said Terry.

"I'm sorry, Terry. You haven't proved yourself yet. Polish your school shoes and get the dress that is left in the closet and see whether it needs any mending. You'll have to do without your coat though."

"O, Mother!" Terry cried angrily, "I can't wear these horrid old shoes and that old dress. I don't even wear it to school any more. I guess I'll have to stay home tomorrow."

"No, Terry, you'll not stay home," said mother firmly. "You'll have to wear what is left. Perhaps that will help you remember to take care of your things." Mother felt sorry for Terry, but she couldn't give in to her now. Terry was just beginning to realize where her carelessness was leading her. Stunned, she went to her room to think.

Sunday morning the sun came peeping into Terry's room, dancing on her eyelids. She lay still and thought of all she would do that day. A hike up the canyon with Kay and Janette would be fun. They could take a lunch and find maidenhair ferns and dainty wild flowers.

Hastily she scrambled out of bed. She must practice her piano lesson and help mother for a while, and she was anxious to get it over so she could go and tell Kay and Janette about her exciting plans.

While Terry was practicing, mother went on her inspection tour. She felt sure that after Terry's humbling experience of the day before her collecting would be ended. She opened Terry's door and stopped short. There lay her clothes in a heap on the floor, as usual.

Mother sighed, and picking them up took them to her room. What a hard time Terry was having to learn her lesson! It was hard for mother too. She didn't enjoy taking Terry's clothes away from her.

When Terry finished practicing, she went to her room to dress. "I think I'll wear my blue denim skirt and my——" She stopped abruptly as she opened her closet door. That collecting campaign!

"Guess I'll have to wear the old dress I wore yesterday," she sighed. But a glance toward the middle of the room told her it wasn't there, nor were her shoes nor any other clothes. She had forgotten to put her clothes away again!

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On the Trail
NEWS FROM CLUBS

On this page every week there appear stories of what Pathfinders and JMV's are doing around the world. These are accounts of junior youth who are going places for God. They are "on the trail" with Jesus, our Master Guide. Send a report of what your club is doing. It may be printed here!

HIKING THE LONG TRAIL

Arnold R. Swanson, *Reporting*

The Long Trail is what the Green Mountain trail is called, and that is what Vermont Pathfinders found it to be—a long, long trail. It is 260 miles, to be exact, from the border of Massachusetts to the boundary of Canada. But don't be alarmed. The Pathfinders didn't hike all of it!

Fourteen Pathfinders and four counselors met on a Sunday morning, determined to hike from Clarendon to Wallingford. They packed food supplies and bedding, and drove to Clarendon. By this time their lunch bags were getting in the way; and besides, it was after twelve. So they got rid of the lunch bags the easiest way they knew—they sat down by the trail and ate.

By one-fifteen they were ready to go in earnest. Packs on their backs, they crossed the Mill River on the old footbridge, and from then on it was up and down the mountain path. Most of the group were over twelve. Two were seven.

Two hours they hiked, and reached Spring Lake camp, destination for the night. They swept out the cabin, set up the beds, and were off to the spring for a drink. Some couldn't stop with just wetting their mouths. They jumped into the lake for a swim. Then supper and sunset and campfire—and bed.

But not so easy as it sounds. Bed, that is. Some, you see, thought they would sleep outside. They were comfortably settled, and dozing off, when a brisk shower changed their plans. Everyone spent the night in the cabin after that!

At four-thirty they were up, and breakfast came at six o'clock. Then another swim, the putting on of packs, and on the trail at nine.

Delicious blackberries very conveniently grew just at the spot they had chosen for dinner.

By three Monday afternoon the group reached the Wallingford highway, where transportation awaited. It had been a pleasant hike, but don't overlook the most important part!

Several of these Pathfinders of the Burlington, Vergennes, and Rutland churches had been bringing their non-Adventist friends to Sabbath school. Now they had brought the same friends on the hike, and some of those friends were impressed that the Adventist Church might be a pretty good thing to belong to.

DESTROYING THE IMAGE

Anastacio Duran, *Reporting*

The image had to be destroyed. Mother and father knew that. I had been to their home during a series of meetings in Yucatán, and had explained it to them from the Bible.

But it was such a hard thing for them to do. The image was the likeness of a saint, beautifully carved. For years and years mother and father had lighted candles in front of it and prayed before it.

They agreed to get rid of it. But how? They talked it over often. But they never could get up quite enough courage actually to pick up the thing and throw it away.

Listening to all that was going on was Maria. She knew what ought to be done, and she made up her mind that it *would* be done.

However, she felt at first that it was really up to mother and dad to destroy the image, for it belonged to them.

She waited for her parents to act—and waited, and waited some more. But all they ever did was talk about getting rid of it. They never acted.

Maria would wait no longer.

Mother and father came into the house one day. They went to the image as usual—and there was nothing there! The image was gone! Only a few ashes remained in the fireplace.

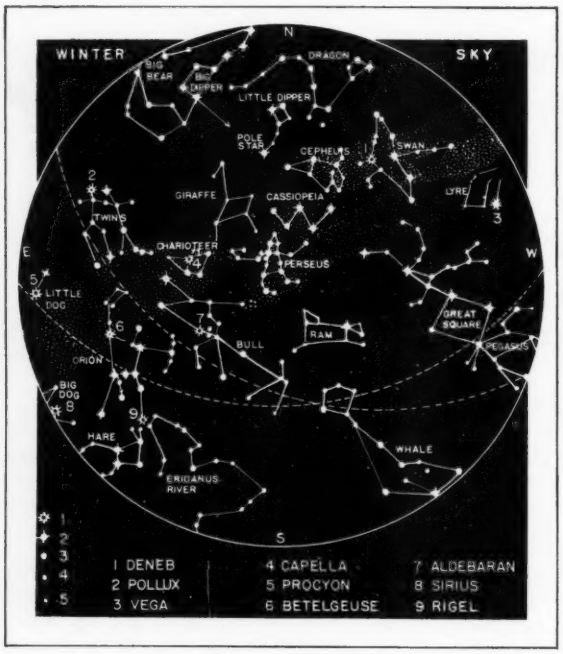
Maria was nowhere in sight. She had hidden, suddenly fearful of what her parents might say.

"Maria," mother called, "did you destroy the image? Thank you so much. Now it is gone, and we can be baptized."

And baptized they were, because a JMV had the courage to lead her parents.

PICTURE COURTESY OF DONALD PALMER

SETTING UP for a weekend in the mountains, Pathfinders of Glendale, California, are pitching pup tents high in the mountains near Mount Wilson. Unit Captain DeVere McGuffin is directing the boys of his unit. Watch "Guide" for more pictures showing how these Pathfinders camp out.



ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

PART FIVE

The Constellations

By HARRY BAERG

Answering Questions: 4. "Identify in the sky eight fixed stars." 5. "What is a constellation? Name and point out six. Name two constellations visible throughout the year." 10. "Explain zenith and nadir."

THE MV HONOR

IN STARS

In order to describe the contents of the starry heavens certain terms are used. The point directly above the observer is called the zenith, and the point opposite it on the other side of the earth is the nadir. Then there are also the North and South Poles and the horizon.

If a line were drawn through the earth from the South Pole to the North Pole and extended into the heavens, it would come very near to Polaris, or the North Star. All the other star groups change their position each night and each season, but Polaris remains constant. In the Southern Hemisphere the corresponding fixed point is the Southern Cross.

The Big Dipper, also known as Ursa Major or the Great Bear, can be seen all year in the temperate regions of the Northern Hemisphere and can easily be found because all of its stars are of second magnitude, except the one where the handle joins the bowl of the Big Dipper.

The two end stars of the Big Dipper point straight to the North Star. They are called the pointers. In this way the Big Dipper leads us to a second constellation that can be seen throughout the year, for the North Star is the end of the handle in the Little Dipper. Though it resembles the utensil for which it is named, it is not so regularly shaped as is the large one, and the stars of which it is composed range from second to fifth magnitude.

Opposite the Big Dipper, on the other side of the Pole Star, is another constellation that is not hard to find. Part of the night Cassiopeia looks like an irregular *W*. Slowly it reverses itself, and near morning appears as an *M*. It is supposed to represent a woman in a chair.

Now sight through from the star on the outside rim of the Big Dipper through the one on the end of the handle, and continue a little more than the length of the Big Dipper. You will see the bright jewel in the Diamond Necklace, or Northern Crown. This group is not hard to find in the summer sky.

Between these two is Boötes, the Bear Hunter. In his knee is the bright star Arcturus mentioned by God to Job in Job 38:32.

The handle of the Big Dipper pointing backward through the bowl leads roughly to two bright stars that are fairly close together, known as Gemini or the Twins. They are called Castor and Pollux.

Continuing on from them in line with the Big Dipper, we come to the brilliant and complicated group known as Orion. Three bright stars, the three kings, equally spaced, show the belt of Orion. Two more, Betelgeuse and Bellatrix, mark his shoulders, and Rigel his left foot. Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, is found behind him; and Aldebaran, the red star, marks the right eye of Taurus the Bull in front of him.

Below Orion is the constellation of Lepus the Hare, and behind the head of Taurus is the group of small stars known as Pleiades. This group is a good test of the eyes. A person with average eyesight sees six stars; one with good eyesight can see seven. There are legitimate records of good eyes that have seen ten and even thirteen stars. The telescope shows more than two thousand.

Another constellation in this area is the river Eridanus, which begins at Rigel, Orion's foot, and meanders across the sky.

It is said that some of the Jews thought of Orion as representing Christ, and that the river was the crooked serpent, mentioned in Job 26:13. The figure then showed Christ's heel crushing the serpent's head as foretold in Genesis 3:15.

In this way the climax of the mighty conflict of the ages was displayed before the eyes of God's people. Think of it as you next look at this constellation. It seems very fitting indeed when we think of the opening in Orion as leading to God's throne.

THROUGH SUN AND RAIN

By BETTY STIRLING PAID 5

PART FOUR: ADVENTURES IN RIDING

JENNIE found after a few trips that the ten-mile bicycle ride to and from the junior academy wasn't so difficult as her friends had predicted. She was able to go to school in the morning in a little less than an hour. The return trip sometimes took her an hour and a half because of the afternoon winds, and because her home was in the hills, higher than Encinas. Many of the hills were so steep she could not ride the bike up them, but coasting down the other side was fun.

One morning she was traveling full speed down a long, steep hill by the silk mill. The oiled road was slick from a foggy night. She was coasting without brakes in order to go up the next hill more easily. When she was a short distance from the bottom of the hill, a large skunk darted into the road.

Jennie was terrified. She couldn't stop. She tried to dodge the animal. The skunk, catching sight of this weird thing whirring down on him, stopped suddenly, and turned as if to go back. As Jennie tried to go around him, he turned again and ran on across the road. The bike wheels missed him by mere inches.

Jennie stopped at the top of the next slope and looked back. The skunk was cautiously coming out of the grass to peer up and down the road. The breeze carried a faint odor that showed his displeasure at the episode.

Jennie laughed nervously. "Mr. Skunk," she said, "you don't know what a close call you and I had!"

The real bicycling problems came with the rainy weather. One Sunday morning it began to pour—not the usual soft, gentle rain, but a cloudburst that started the tiny creeks growing into rivers, washed out roads and bridges, and made gullies in plowed fields.

"If this rain doesn't stop by tonight, I won't be able to ride to school in the morning," pouted Jennie. She didn't want to miss school.

But the next morning the rain was still coming down in torrents, so Jennie did not try to go to school. That night when Mr. Ridge came home, he reported that there was only one road from Sycamore that wasn't completely washed out in some place. And that wasn't the road to Encinas. The school bus hadn't been able to take students from Sycamore or San Lucas.

The next three days were rainy, but Friday morning dawned clear. Since the creek below the windmill was still running brimful, Jennie knew that the larger creeks would be rivers, but she decided to try to get through anyway. She wore jeans and took a towel, in case she had to wade.

Her first difficulty was near the farm where the Pitkins had lived. The large creek had washed out the low wooden bridge, and water covered the road for an eighth of a mile. The creek was flowing swiftly, but car tracks led into the water.

"If a car can go through, so can I," said Jennie.

She took off her shoes and socks and rolled her jeans above her knees. She rode slowly for a short distance, but the road was so torn up that she decided to wade. At the spot where the bridge had been the water was above her knees, and icy cold. She reached the other side safely, dried her feet and legs, and started on her way again.

Creeks crossed the road in several more places before she reached the

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JOHN GOURLEY, ARTIST

Jennie watched the rushing water swirl over the bridge. How easily it could sweep her to death. But she had to reach church school regardless of danger. She removed her shoes and socks and prepared to ride the bicycle across.

That Book by your bed lies quietly now,

but men risked their lives to put it there.

One was

PROTECTED BY ROBBERS

By THE EDITOR

IF A band of armed robbers leaped from the forest with their weapons aimed at your heart, you would probably submit the same way Martin did.

Martin Luther had been warned. He had been told that if he would not stop preaching, he would pay with his life.

He had not stopped preaching.

With a friend he was driving through the forest. Night was falling, and it was difficult to tell what might be hidden behind the trees. Suddenly, from the shadows burst a company of armed horsemen.

Galloping to Luther's wagon, they aimed their weapons straight for the driver's head, and ordered him to halt. They reached into the carriage and seized Luther, dragging him out. Then, turning quickly, they ordered the driver on his way, and plunged back into the darkness.

From the darkness swept a band of mounted knights. Silently they circled the wagon, stopped the driver, kidnaped the passenger, and disappeared into the forest.

JOHN COURLEY
ARTIST

But it wasn't so bad as it seemed. The robbers were really friends, come to catch Luther and hide him from his enemies.

Up they went, to the top of the mountain, to the castle of Wartburg. It was not yet midnight. Quietly the horsemen rode into the courtyard. Fearful lest anyone should see the man they had brought, they rushed him to a little cell high in the castle wall.

They told him to take off the black clothes he usually wore and to dress like a knight. They told him to let his hair grow long, the way knights did, and to change his name to George.

So skillfully was the capture carried out that almost no one knew Luther was there.

His friends were worried. His enemies went wild with anger that he had escaped them. How did Luther himself feel about it?

Next morning Luther looked around to discover that he had been given two little rooms with stone walls, old, dirty, gloomy. Narrow windows let in but little light, and when he looked through them there was nothing to see but trees.

Some people might like to live in a place like that—but not Luther. He hated being alone. On many days the only human being he saw was the boy who brought his two meals. He wanted to be with people. He wanted to get out and preach. He couldn't stand being alone. The food was good, but he had no exercise. For hours a day

he would stand at the window looking out at the tops of the trees—trees—trees, nothing but trees. He grew painfully sick from eating so much rich food. But the sickness and the loneliness weren't the worst. The devil was after him!

Satan hated Luther. Because he was a good man, the devil tried to scare him into stopping his work.

One evening Luther had a bag of nuts in his room. He went to bed as usual and was about to go to sleep when the nuts began jumping around in the bag. The devil, it seemed, was shaking them and throwing them all over the room. Satan had done things like this so often before that Luther tried to ignore them this time and go to sleep, but the devil was not through.

Soon came the sound of dozens of barrels banging and crashing down the narrow stairway that led to his room. Luther knew it was impossible for anyone to be rolling barrels up and down the stairs at that time of night, for there was a door at the bottom of the stairs, locked with bolts and chains. But the terrific noise of the rolling barrels continued, till finally he got up to see what was happening.

There was nothing to see. The doors were securely shut. So Luther called to the devil, "Is it you? Be gone!" Then he rededicated himself to the Lord and went to sleep.

Luther worried over the fact that the common people could not read the Bible. The only copies they had were written in Latin, and the ordinary people spoke German. So they never heard the Bible read at church, never read it at home, never studied it at school. All they knew about it was what different people told them, and most of them were wrong.

Luther felt he should translate the Bible for them. Of all places to do it, he started in that gloomy old castle, in that uncomfortable cell, feeling sick, lonely, discouraged, with the devil appearing beside him again and again, trying to stop him.

First he had to learn Greek and Hebrew, difficult languages. Then came the tremendous job of translating. It took months to finish the New Testament; and it was years later, after he had left the castle, before he was able to finish the Old Testament. Then he spent the rest of his life going over the translation again and again, making it better and better every time. He felt it was so important that everyone should read the Bible that he was willing to pay any price to provide it for them.

The robbers put Luther in a gloomy old cell. Satan appeared often to frighten him so he would stop translating the Bible. But Luther would not give in to him.

You can see a picture on the back page of Luther working.

Now look at the picture of the scrap of paper. That is not an ordinary scrap of paper by any means. On the contrary, it is very precious, for it shows what the Bible probably looked like in the days of Paul and John.

The picture shows part of the Bible written in Greek, the language in which the New Testament was first written. This portion was probably written before the year A.D. 200, less than a hundred years after John died.

Can you read Greek? Try reading what's in that picture! You won't get very far! Can you see why it was necessary for men like Luther to translate the Bible?

One of the earliest translators was named Jerome. After living in several different countries, he finally settled in Bethlehem, the city where Jesus was born.

As usual, the common people could not understand the Bible. They all spoke Latin. Imagine that! Nowadays even college professors are proud of themselves if they can read Latin. But back in the days of Jerome, about A.D. 400—eleven hundred years before Luther—everyone knew Latin, even all the boys and girls. They didn't know Greek and Hebrew any more than you and I do. So Jerome spent many years of his life translating the Bible so they could read it for themselves.

He became seriously ill before he was finished, but he kept at it. You would have thought that people everywhere would have been as happy as could be when he finished, but they weren't. Instead of thanking him, they told him he had done a bad job, and should have been more careful.

But after he died, people changed their minds. The Roman Catholic Church decided he must have been a saint, so they began calling him Saint Jerome. Then they decided that his translation was so good that no one must ever change it.

But you can't read Latin or German, and neither can I. We need our Bible in English. Fortunately there have been men willing to translate it into English for us.

The first of these men was the Venerable Bede, who lived more than twelve hundred years ago.

He was a kind old minister, and everybody loved him.

But now he lay dying. Friends stood weeping around his bed.

For some time he had been translating the Gospel of John from the Latin of Jerome's translation. On the morning of the last day of his life, there was still one chapter left.

See him in the picture on the last page lying on his hard bed, with the scribe sitting near the foot. On that sad morning the scribe said, "Dear master, there is one chapter yet to do."

"Take your pen," said the beloved old man, "and write quickly."

With his strength fast running out, he read the first few words of that last chapter in the Latin—then slowly repeated it in its English meaning. The scribe faithfully wrote it down. Then the next sentence.

It is a long chapter. A healthy man would find it difficult to translate it properly in a day. This old man must translate in sickness and pain, and his friends would not leave him alone. All day long they came to bid him farewell, interrupting the work.

The darkness of evening fell over the land. The scribe rose and leaned sobbing above his master's head. "Master," he said softly, "there is just one sentence more."

"Write quickly," whispered the old man. He *must* finish.

Slowly the last sentence was translated. "See, dear master, it is done now," the scribe said.

"Yes, you speak truly; it is finished now," whispered Bede.

The great task was done. He had given a Gospel to his people in the language they understood.

He asked his friends to lay him on the floor. Tenderly, tearfully, they lifted him from the bed and set him on the hard stones.

His lips moved! He was singing! "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" And so, triumphant, the first man to translate the Bible into English died.

These are just a few of the men who helped put the Bible beside your bed. Sometime, perhaps, I can tell you about others who were whipped and imprisoned, strangled and burned, so that you and I could have the Bible to read any time we wanted it.

How much does that Book mean to you? Would you die for it? Would you read it when you were sick and in pain? Do you, for instance, study your Sabbath school lesson every day?

Never Untidy Again!

From page 4

Sinking down on the bed she sobbed, "Now I don't have anything to wear! There will be no hike today. And what about school tomorrow? and the next day? and the next?" Terry sat up. She would have to do something about this.

She remembered mother had said that when she proved herself she could have her things back. That's what she would do—prove herself. She jumped up and quietly closed and locked the door. She emptied the contents of the drawers on the bed. She pulled all the forgotten

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toys, books, games, and odds and ends out of the corners of the closet and from under the dresser and bed. She went through her things methodically, putting those she wanted to keep on the bed and those that were useless in an empty box. Then she neatly arranged her things in the dresser drawers and removed the unnecessary ones that had collected on top of the dresser and bed stand. She dusted and swept and put clean dresser scarfs on in place of the dirty ones.

She was so busy she hadn't noticed the time. She heard mother call her for lunch just as she was sweeping up the last bit of dust.

She straightened up and surveyed the room with pride. Mother had cleaned her room for her often, but it never looked this good, Terry thought. Happily she danced into the kitchen and caught mother by the hand.

"I have a surprise for you, Mother," she sang, "It's in my room. Come and see!"

Terry watched mother's face break into smiles as she stood in the middle of the bedroom and realized what had happened.

"Why, Terry, dear! It's lovely! This is the nicest surprise I've had for a long time." Mother hugged Terry, and Terry hugged mother.

Terry was thinking, "Poor mother. I'm not going to ever treat her so badly any more."

And mother was thinking, "Terry really can be thoughtful, and I believe she has learned her lesson."

Then, in triumphant procession, mother led Terry to her closet. Out came all the clothes, and back they went to Terry's room once more. And after that Terry always put them away when she took them off —and what a glorious hike she and Kay and Janette had that afternoon.

JACOB'S PILLOW

A soft pillow seems to have been unknown to people living in the days of Jacob and Esau.

Everyone used pillows made of wood, clay, stone, or metal, so it was not necessary for a traveler to carry a pillow with him. A smooth stone would be good enough. It was therefore no hardship for Jacob to sleep with his head on a stone. —From the new "Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary."

Through Sun and Rain

From page 7

main highway, but she was able to ride through the water. She knew the last bad spot would be the bridge below the lemon packing plant in the outskirts of Encinas.

This bridge was constructed like a dam. When the river was low the water would run under it through two concrete pipes. In the winter when the river was high, the water could also flow over the bridge.

Jennie sat on a tree stump a few minutes to rest. She watched a car come through the water that was running over the bridge. She knew that the current was strong by the way it lapped at the wheels of the car, but she decided it would be safe to cross.

The car stopped beside her, and the man called out the window. "You may be able to cross if you speed and keep going. I wouldn't want to try it though!"

"Thanks," said Jennie. "I know how to swim." She took off her shoes and socks again. She backed the bike up a short distance so that she could get a fast start.

She raced down the slope, keeping close to the left side of the road, so that if the water knocked her off the bike she would fall on the road and not into the deep, swirling waters on the right side of the bridge. As she hit the water it sprayed out on both sides of the bike and slowed her. The water was deeper than she had thought, but she kept going. It took only seconds to go through the water, but the current had pulled her to the right side of the road by the time she got across.

She thankfully pushed the bike up the hill, climbed on again, and a few minutes later reached the school.

The real fun in bicycle riding was on the winter mornings when the sun had just risen over the hills, and the bright rays sparkled on the dewy grass and bushes. Mornings like this made Jennie happy that she could be riding a bike instead of a bus, and made her thankful that the Lord had provided this way for her to go to church school.

(Next week: "The Missionary Bike.")

Rubythroat, the Hummer, No. 5 – By Harry Baerg

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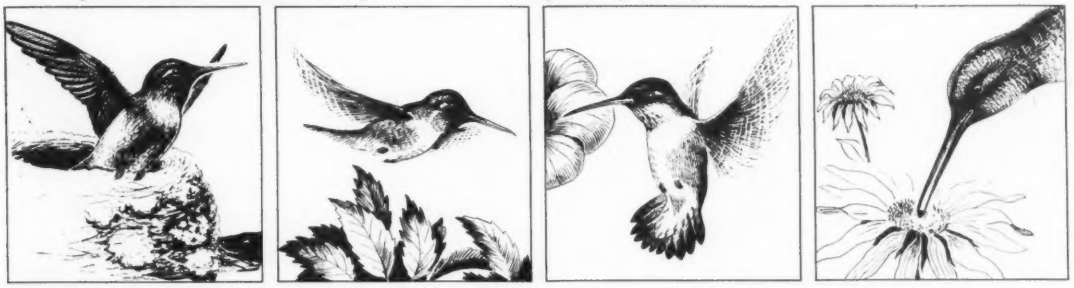

1. Three weeks after hatching, young Rubythroat, as we shall call one of the young birds, sat on the edge of the nest. He was exercising his wing muscles in getting ready to fly. 2. Then one day he flew off the nest and away over the bushes. His mother was excited, but he had little trouble. Hummingbirds have light bodies and exceptionally large wing muscles. 3. Rubythroat's wings moved so fast they could not be seen, and they made a humming noise. He soon learned to hover in one spot and to fly straight up or backward as only hummers can. 4. His mother fed him for the first few days after he left the nest, but he soon learned to find food of his own. He lived mainly on aphids and other small insects and spiders found on flowers, but he preferred nectar.

CHARLES CAREY

Bible GAMES for JUNIOR YOUTH

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A game for Junior youth to play with younger brothers and sisters—these thirty sets of twin cards will provide instruction and entertainment for very young children by making them familiar with some common words through association of the words with the pictures that portray them. The first fifteen sets are for very young children, and the last fifteen sets are designed for a slightly older group.

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A sea that lost its tongue, imported apes and peacocks, twenty worthless towns—could you locate these references in the Bible? This attractively printed card game affords suitable Sabbath diversion in finding Bible place names.

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Here is something new in Bible games that will afford many hours of exciting and instructional fun. Any number up to twenty can play it, but the maximum pleasure comes when played by from four to eight players. It tests one's knowledge of Bible characters and one's agility in spelling their names. It uses an interesting forfeit system.

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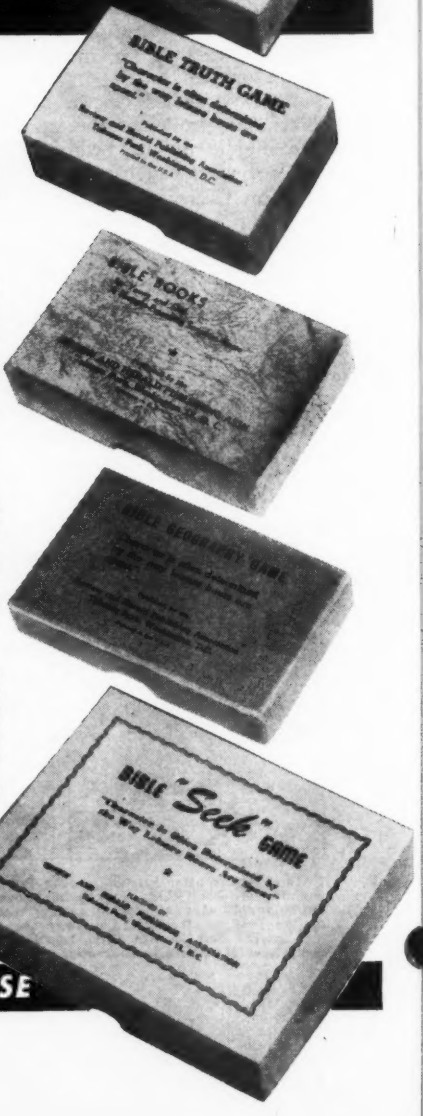

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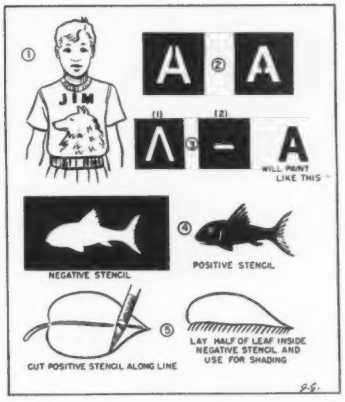
HOBBIES

Paint Your T-Shirt

By BERNARD I. RASMUSSEN



JIM WAGNER has stenciled a dog head and his name on his T-shirt. See illustration 1.

You can do the same on yours! Or you can make pennants, put designs on ties, blouses, handkerchiefs, scarfs, household linens, curtains, wood and metal, and walls. You can make attractive posters and your own personal Christmas cards.

Here's how. First you make a stencil, then you paint through it. To make a stencil, you need stencil paper. Special transparent stencil paper may be obtained at a stationery or art store. It is tough and smooth with a wax coating. You can make it yourself by dipping heavy, smooth paper in melted wax or paraffin. It is best for the stencil paper to be transparent, so that you can put your design under it when cutting the stencil.

Making a stencil consists of cutting out the shape of an object from the paper. The stencil can be made in one part or in several parts. Let us suppose we are cutting a stencil of the letter A. If we cut it in a one-part stencil, we cut out a shape like the one in illustration 2.

If we want the stencil to look more natural, we cut two stencils and put them together as in illustration 3.

For complex pictures we use three- or four-part stencils. At first it will be best to cut simple one-part stencils.

Some people cut stencils with a razor blade or a very sharp pocketknife. Special stencil knives can be bought at art stores for as little as twenty-five cents. Keep your stencil knife sharp by honing it on a whetstone.

First trace the design you wish to cut on a piece of paper and place it on a piece of cardboard, wood, or even glass. Place the transparent stencil paper over the design and fasten both to the cardboard, wood, or glass so none of the parts can move while the stencil is being cut. Cut out the design so the edge is smooth.

Suppose you are cutting out a design in the shape of a fish. You must cut so that a hole is left in the stencil paper the shape of the fish. The part cut out will also be the shape of a fish. As a result you have two stencils, one negative and one positive. See illustration 4.

Both parts of your stencils will be used, so save all the positive parts as well as the negative parts. The positive parts can be used for putting in the eye and other body parts. This is done by cutting holes, lines, and so forth in the positive stencil and applying color through these openings.

The positive parts can also be cut up into sections and used for shading. A simple illustration is a leaf. See illustration 5.

Your design can be more realistic if you use a number of parts. To learn this, you will need the help of a teacher or a detailed book on methods of stencil cutting. There is, however, nothing to prevent you from experimenting with more complex stencils. In general, the method is to mark on the drawing all the parts to be cut out in stencil number one, two, three, or four. These parts must all be cut, so that they can be made to fit over one another accurately.

Now that you know how to cut stencils, try cutting some. Next week we will explain how to paint the colors through them onto your T-shirt or blouse.

SIDE TRAILS

CAN YOU ANSWER the questions that stumped Bill in this week's Guidepost? The first answer is, "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Patrick Henry's famous statement was, "Give me liberty or give me death!" And if you don't know who the first President was, you had better go and look it up for yourself!

IS A PEANUT a seed—or what is it? Seeds, as you know, grow high in the air, on the end of the flower stalk. They have to be in the air so that the insects can pollinate the flower. Without pollination the seed would never form. But peanuts, in case you didn't know it, are dug up out of the earth. Yet they have a shell like other nuts, and if you sow them, they grow into peanut plants. If they are seeds, how could they be pollinated growing in the earth? Answer next week! If you want to know sooner, look up the word *peanut* in the dictionary.

WELCOME, MR. RASMUSSEN! Beginning this week, B. I. Rasmussen will conduct GUIDE's hobby corner. He used to be the editor's schoolteacher! He will explain how to make many interesting things out of wood, copper, aluminum, felt, and plastics. Mr. Rasmussen lives in California, where he is director of the Character Craft Association.

COVER PICTURE by Ewing Galloway.

Daily Bible Adventures

A DAY-BY-DAY STUDY OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON **FOR JUNIORS**

Prepared by the Sabbath School Department of the General Conference

VII—Remembering the Resurrection of Jesus

(NOVEMBER 14)

Lesson Texts: **Matthew 28:5-7; 1 Corinthians 15:35-38.**

Memory Verse: **"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10).**

Guiding Thought

If someone were to ask you, "Who is Jesus?" the chances are that you would say, "He is the Son of God. He came to earth and lived a life of good works and died as a sacrifice for our sins." You would refer to His life on earth because that is the part of His life that you know and think of the most. But He lived before He was a babe in the home of Mary and Joseph, and He has lived ever since His resurrection, nearly two thousand years ago. His rising from the dead is a token of the resurrection of the righteous dead when He comes to earth again.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the guiding thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Christ Takes the Body of a Man

1. Christ lived before He was born to Mary of Nazareth. He was at the right hand of the Father in heaven until the time came for Him to leave His beautiful home to become a babe in a home on earth, grow to manhood, serve His people, and die for them. Why did God allow His only beloved Son to leave the glories of heaven for the sorrows of earth? (John 3:16, 17.)

2. Through His mother Christ was descended from a line that included sinners and saints. Who is mentioned as one of His ancestors? (Rom. 1:3.)

NOTE.—"The humanity of the Son of God is everything to us. It is the golden chain that binds our souls to Christ, and through Christ to God. This is to be our study. Christ was a real man; He gave proof of His humility in becoming a man. Yet He was God in the flesh."—MRS. E. G. WHITE in *The Youth's Instructor*, Oct. 13, 1898.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Christ Takes the Nature of Man

3. Not only did Christ take on the body of man, but He also took on man's nature, subject to temptation. Why did He do this? (Heb. 2:14-18.)

4. To what extent did Christ humble Himself? (Phil. 2:6-8.)

NOTE.—"Jesus, the brightness of the Father's glory, thought 'it not a thing to be grasped to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant.' Through all the lowly experiences of life He consented to pass, walking among the children of men, not as a king, to demand homage, but as one whose mission it was to serve others. There was in His manner no taint of bigotry, no cold austerity. The world's Redeemer had a greater than angelic nature, yet united with His divine majesty were meekness and humility that attracted all to Himself."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 29, 30.

5. Not only did He submit His will entirely to His Father, but He humbled Himself to serve His own servants. When and how did He demonstrate His humility before His twelve disciples? (John 13:4, 5.)

ASSIGNMENT 4

The Resurrected Christ

6. What took place after Christ's earthly ministry was finished and He had given up His life as a sac-

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Lightning flashed, the earth shook, and Jesus came out of the tomb. He had defeated Satan. Now He lives in heaven to help us get victory over the devil too.

rifice for our sins? (Matt. 28:5-7.)

NOTE.—"Early in His ministry Christ had said, 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.' In the figurative language of prophecy, He had thus foretold His own death and resurrection."—*The Desire of Ages* (1952 ed.), p. 705.

"An earthquake marked the hour when Christ laid down His life, and another earthquake witnessed the moment when He took it up in triumph. He who had vanquished death and the grave came forth from the tomb with the tread of a conqueror, amid the reeling of the earth, the flashing of lightning, and the roaring of thunder. . . . The decree of heaven had loosed the captive. Mountains piled upon mountains over His sepulcher could not have prevented Him from coming forth."—*The Desire of Ages,* p. 780.

7. For forty days after His resurrection Christ appeared on the earth to comfort and instruct His beloved disciples. Did they recognize Him by His appearance, voice, manner, and speech? (Luke 24:39; see also John 20:16, 28; 21:12; Luke 24:31; Acts 1:3.)

NOTE.—"They beheld the hands and feet marred by the cruel nails. They recognized His voice, like no other they had ever heard. . . . Faith and joy took the place of unbelief, and with feelings which no words could express they acknowledged their risen Saviour."—*The Desire of Ages,* p. 803.

8. Of what is the resurrection of Christ a token and pledge? (1 Cor. 15:14, 20.)

NOTE.—"The resurrection of Jesus was a type of the final resurrection of all who sleep in Him. The countenance of the risen Saviour, His manner, His speech, were all familiar to His disciples. As Jesus arose from the dead, so those who sleep in Him are to rise again. We shall know our friends, even as the disciples knew Jesus. . . . In the glorified body their identity will be perfectly preserved." *The Desire of Ages,* p. 804.

ASSIGNMENT 5

The Object Lesson of the Grain of Wheat

9. Talking of His coming death and resurrection, what object lesson did Christ use to help His disciples understand it better? (John 12: 23, 24.)

10. What has to happen to a grain of wheat before it can come to new life? What does this teach us regarding the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15:35-38.)

NOTE.—"By the casting of the grain into the soil, Christ represents the sacrifice of Himself for our redemption. . . . So the death of Christ will result in fruit for the kingdom of God. In accordance with the law of the vegetable kingdom, life will be the result of His death. . . . The seed dies to spring forth into new life, and in this we are taught the lesson of the resurrection. All who love God will live again in the Eden above. Of the human body laid away to molder in the grave God has said, 'It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.'"—*Christ's Object Lessons,* pp. 86, 87.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Sharers of Christ's Glory

11. What is Christ's great desire for His followers? (John 10:10.)

NOTE.—Writing of the Father's great love and desire for us, Paul says, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" (Rom. 8:32).

12. What is Christ doing now that shows how much He loves us? (John 14:1-3.)

13. Describe the scene, as John saw it in vision, when, in possession of eternal life, the saints of God welcome Jesus as their rightful King (Rev. 21:1-4).

NOTE.—"In the earth made new, the redeemed will engage in the occupations and pleasures that brought happiness to Adam and Eve in the beginning. The Eden life will be lived, the life in garden and field. . . . There every power will be developed, every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will appear new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects of study to call forth the powers of body and mind and soul."—*Prophets and Kings,* pp. 730, 731.

ASSIGNMENT 7

We are given two genealogies of Christ. One is in Matthew 1. One is in Luke 3.

Which one begins with the name of Abraham and goes down to Christ?

Which one begins with the name of Christ and works back to "Adam, which was the son of God"?

As you look through the list of Christ's ancestors, you will find some names that you will recognize, some that you have never heard of, and some that are spelled just a little differently from names that are familiar —like "Booz" for "Boaz," and "Roboam" for "Rehoboam."

Turning to Matthew's genealogy—

Pick out one man who deceived his father (Gen. 27:19).

Pick out one who killed a giant (1 Sam. 17:50-54).

Pick out a king who was noted for his great wisdom (1 Kings 10:23, 24).

Pick out a king who married many heathen women and nearly lost his soul (1 Kings 11:3).

Pick out a good king who began to reign when he was eight years old and reigned thirty-one years (2 Chron. 34:1).

So you see that among the ancestors of Christ, the Son of man, there were both strong men and weak men, good men and bad men. Truly Christ took upon Him our nature!

You can do these puzzles on Sabbath afternoon. You may look up the texts to find the answers. Then, when finished, check the correct answers at the bottom, and see how many you got right.

Bible Zoo

PAID

By OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON

Hidden in each of these sentences is a Bible animal. You may have to combine words or letters from two or more words to spell out the animal's name, but the letters will all come along together. Number one is indicated for you.

1. **Why was it you CAME Late yesterday? (Camel.)**
2. **We will probably go at three o'clock.**
3. **Rose said that she thinks spring will be arriving soon.**
4. **Alec owed for two candy bars.**
5. **The engineer rammed the pipe down into the well.**
6. **In the play we, as elephants, stalked through the make-believe jungle.**

Who Was He?

By MRS. P. G. CRESTAKOS

PAID

He was considered the best-looking man in the kingdom.

He was particularly noted for his beautiful hair.

He had one of his half brothers murdered.

He rebelled against his father and tried to take away his kingdom.

He was caught by his head in a tree, and there he died.

ANSWERS

"Bible Zoo": 1. Camel, 2. goat, 3. bear, 4. cow, 5. ram, 6. weasel.

"Who Was He?": Absalom, 2 Samuel 13-19.

How We Got Our BIBLE

Can you read this? EYWHLTHONIN-AZWHNEXWSIN? You can't? Of course, there are really five words there. Perhaps it would be easier if we divided them for you. How's this? EYW HLTHON INA ZWHN EXWSIN. Any better?

Having trouble still? That's the way the New Testament was originally written, with all the words run in together. The Old Testament, in Hebrew, was much harder.

We should be very thankful to the men who translated the Bible for us. Some were imprisoned, whipped, strangled, and burned because of it. Be sure to read "Protected by Robbers," and get the stories behind the pictures on this page.

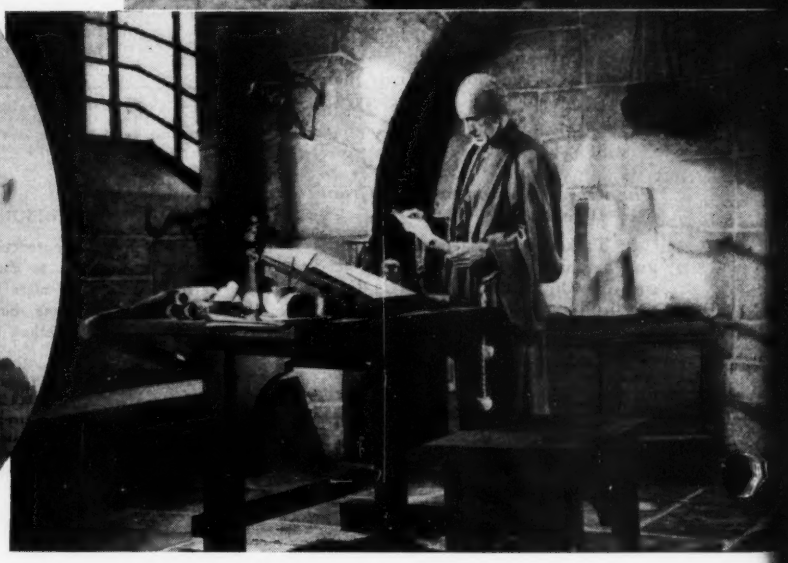
Those Greek words mean "I am come that they might have life," in this week's memory verse.

Many thanks to the American Bible Society and Harper and Brothers for letting us print these pictures.

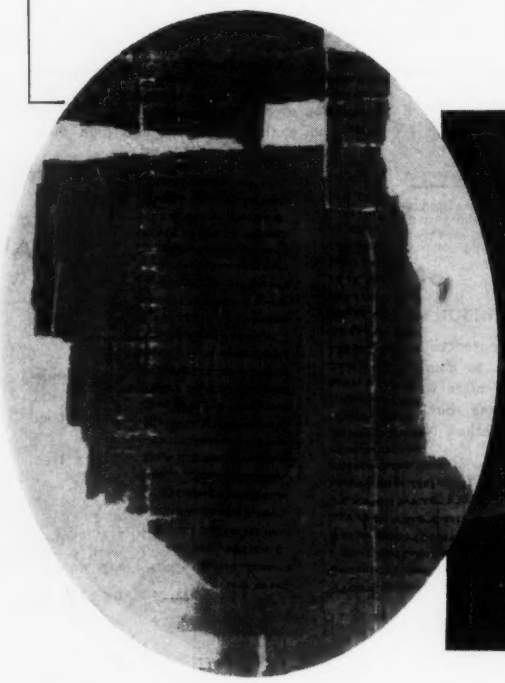
•

The man who is sitting is Martin Luther, who translated the New Testament into German in a lonely cell in Wartburg Castle in 1521. Later he did the Old Testament.

The beloved old man is dying. The scribe writes as the Venerable Bede translates the last chapter of John's Gospel into English the last day of his life, A.D. 735.



This is Jerome translating the Bible into Latin about the year 400. The Roman Catholic Church considered his translation as more accurate than the original Greek.



This is probably what Paul's Bible looked like. It is one of the oldest pieces of the Bible ever found. It was written by hand in Greek, and was found in Egypt.